

# APA - FILK

TWELFTH MAILING  
1 November 1981



ONE OF THE ENGINEERING GUYS WAS AN NCAA VOLLEYBALL CHAMP IN COLLEGE.

REALLY? WHERE?

ENGINEERING

TANK, WHEN THEY FLASHED THIS VOLLEYBALL CONCEPT, I REALLY GROKED AT GETTING OUR ENERGY FORMS IN THE SAME SPACE.

UCLA, HUH?

Fel Shortage Irks Japan



THIS IS A  
**FREE TICKET**  
IT'S NOT GOOD FOR ANYTHING  
It's Just FREE!

PROBEER DE GEEN-GATEN EENS!

MAAR...

FRANK GUMPERT PRINTING OF BETHESDA  
7750 Old Georgetown Road  
Bethesda, Maryland 20014  
657-9400

## Liner in Hudson Gets Parking Ticket

THIS LITTLE FELLOW WON THE DRUM COMPETITION!

CONGRATULATIONS! ...YOU WILL LEAD THE TROOPS INTO BATTLE

THE LOSERS MUST BE EATING THEIR HEARTS OUT

EARTHLING POND! NEVER ARGUE ETHICS WITH A FORCE OF NATURE!

I'M PREGNANT

MARY HAS JUST MET THE NO. 1 POTENTIAL PLAY-BACKER... THE BLUFF, BRILLIANT AND VERY RICH INDUSTRIALIST HARLAN HEATH.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THE DINNER?... SORRY! ...HOPED TO BE SEATED NEXT TO A CHARMING LADY MY OWN AGE!

I DISAPPROVE OF BOTH THE PLAY AND THE AUTHOR, MR. HEATH!

SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN CENSORSHIP, MRS. WORTH?... IN MUZZLING FREE SPEECH?

WHETHER SMUT COMES FROM AN ACTOR'S MOUTH OR A FACTORY SMOKE-STACK, IT'S AIR POLLUTION... AND SHOULD BE STOPPED!

I HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD FIGHT ALL WEEK! ...CARE TO TAKE A STROLL... AND KEEP THIS ONE GOING?

I'M PREGNANT

ASTRAL 181 St. and 928 Audubon Ave. 1060

'LOS ARISTOGATOS' (Walt Disney)  
(Spanish film only this week)

For A Unique Opportunity to experience yourself, join in an experimental study with a Tame lovable Woolly Monkey. Call 856-3247 8 PM - 12 PM.



This is APA-Filk #12, the latest issue of our quarterly amateur press association which proclaims the pleasures of filksinging and presents songs for this avocation. As Bob Lipton explains in his contribution, Something of Note #12, he has to give up the Official Editorship. Since I have the interest and the facilities, I guess I get to be the new OE. "I", for the purposes of this discussion, am:

John Boardman  
234 East 19th Street  
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226  
U. S. A.  
(telephone 212-693-1579)

Henceforth, APA-Filk will be collated as close to the dates of 1 February, 1 May, 1 August, and 1 November as we can manage it, at my residence. Contributions should be sent here, and the copy count remains 50. If you'd like to receive APA-Filk by mail, send me about \$5.00, and I'll take postage money out of it. I can also print your contributions for you, if you send either mimeograph stencils suitable for a Gestetner machine, or ditto stencils. In either case they must be for printing on 8x11 paper. Printing costs, which can be paid from the postage account, will be 1¢ per copy per sheet (not per page). If you'd like additional copies for yourself, let me know, and they'll be mailed to you with your copy of APA-Filk. Indicate whether you want APA-Filk sent to you by 1st-class or 3rd-class mail.

Bob Lipton can put your contribution on electrostencil for me to print. He charges 40¢ per page, and his address is 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N. Y. 11598; 516-374-5737.

It will be convenient if people can get in their contributions to the 13th Mailing so that they arrive here by Saturday 30 January 1982. I have two other items to print and collate on that date, so everyone can get here and be put to work on all of them at once. (It will also be the day on which we can make the anniversary of two events moderately important in improving the state of human liberty: the Centennial of the birth of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and the 33rd anniversary of the execution of King Charles I. If you can be in the vicinity, drop around for the celebrations.)

This issue is ~~copyright~~ (C) by John Boardman (address above) on behalf of the authors. All rights are assigned to the authors.

If you have a postage account with APA-Filk, your balance is presently +24. This includes the postage that carries this issue, and another 3¢ for the envelope. Postage accounts that fall into arrears by more than \$2.00 will be terminated.



A QUACK QUACK  
HERE... A MOO MOO  
THERE... HOW CAN  
A GUY WRITE A SONG  
WITH DISTRACTIONS  
LIKE THIS?

QUACK QUACK  
QUACK QUACK  
QUACK QUACK  
QUACK QUACK

MOO QUICK  
QUACK QUICK





# STRUM UND DRANG

Vol. III, #4

SuD

Samhain \*

Perpetrated by Lee Burwasser, from 5409 Hamilton St. #5, Hyattsville MD 20781.

\* And once again: the date is pronounced sa-win or sa-vin, but NOT repeat NOT "Sam Hane"!

## T W A N G S

SingSpiel (Blackman): "Joys of Plundering" has distinct possibilities, but needs polishing. Have you considered re-doing it, to the tune of "The Simple Joys of Maidenhood" from CAMELOT?

SoN (Lipton): Even if we gave it away, it would still be publishing, because it's general distribution. And I'm not sure even the postage costs don't count as Money Changing Hands.

FILK TIL DAWN (Groot): The SCAdian song is too long, tho I'm damned if I can see how to shorten it. Except, you could start over . . .

HDSQ (Kare): I don't expect anyone to get upset over APA-FILK itself. What has me worried is the possibility of somebody putting together some sort of "Best of APA-FILK" -- all right, "Worst of APA-FILK -- as a songbook, and suddenly we're all up shit creek without a paddle. There's a tale out of a songbook that incorporates another, copyrighted songbook, copyright notices and all, without even a courtesy copy to the holder. Fans can get damned careless. // I really don't think "Makin Wookie" is any worse than "Solo" (to "Lola"), and both are fairly obvious parodies, or takeoffs . . . so is "Alderan Belt" . . . hm. // "Real-time Religion" needs a verse about Falwell's mailing list, but I can't get it started. // The good con in Philly is PhilCon in November. BaltiCon (in Baltimore, where else?) was good for the last few years, but the hotel's under new management and the con committee will need balls to deal with them. DisClave (DC) hasn't found a good hotel yet.

SuD (me): Gloss on the monotreme verse: Reptiles have several bones in the lower jaw, mammals have a single bone, with the rest of what used to be jawbones now forming the bones of the middle ear. Therapsids are the ancestral stock of the mammals. They were thought to be extinct until a taxonomic debate kicked up over the platypus; one side maintains that the platypus is a reptile, not a mammal -- an extant therapsid. // "Period Fork" refers to the more rabid SCAdius authenticus, prone to dogmatic assertions on the order of "Forks aren't period". Some twit at a filksing did much the same thing; insisting that there can't be Earthrise on the moon.

Someone Else's Room (Middleton): Title Index gets clipped in half. First sheet for vol 2 was in #9. // Find a music major, or a history major, who's desperate for a thesis topic. Or even a term paper. Or you might ask the local



university library if anyone publishes a READER'S GUIDE to music-history theses and dissertations, as they do for scientific fields; someone may have done a job on the answer songs already. // According to Ed Cray, "Thais" was written by Newman Levy as a satire on Massenet's opera "Thais". It was later put to the tune of "Rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech"; if Levy had a tune for it, it's lost. Alfred A Knopf held the copyright when Cray was putting together EROTIC MUSE. Original version in OPERA GUYED, (NY, Knopf, 1928). // Is there nonTREK Leslie Fish available?

We Will Not Even Mention "Yoda".

ANAKREON (Boardman): Not another frozen logger!?! And do you think it's wise to mention S\*\*\*\*k G\*\*\*\*n in this company? // I remember DALLIANCE, but I never got hold of any of them. Compared to Oscar Brand, Ed McCurdy's singing has distinction. // "Coal Black Smith" is nothing like the Elizabethan metaphors. It's derived from an entirely different tradition. // Of course 5th century Greek poets were sexist. That was when the city-states started locking up the women. Renault makes a passing reference to this; she's good at making her historical characters point up an issue without anachronism. // 'Nark' appeared in its previous meaning in "If This Goes On --" The swimming-hole call changes to "Last one in is a procter's nark" when first-person joins the revolutionary forces. // ERA rallies generally have a bit of protest singing. I'm all for nostalgia, but that much gets embarrassing. // Switzerland is best known as the nation of mercenaries.

#### BETTER LATE THAN NEVER DEPT

Concerning over-long topical songs: how do you compress a fairly long &/or complex string of events into the 4 or 5 verses a modern audience is willing to sit still for? Or, how do you allude to a long chain of events in such a way that your audience can follow it? This is something I've puzzled over before.

My one bit of insight does me little good, but might help others. Topical songs do best when they're funny. The more UNfunny the situation, the better it is to do a funny song. (If your talent for comic verse is as scanty as mine, you might want to skip this section.)

Tho the time for a song on the hussies' favors is past, an analysis of the song situation might help future efforts. If nothing else, it fills up space.

##### 1. What in the situation is funny, or can be made to look funny?

Obviously, threatening the Hael with a Tuchuk invasion. I fell down laughing when I heard that. (Much to my embarrassment: I was hearing the tale from the lady of green and gold.) If this can be made the vehicle for the story, it can a) keep the whole song comic enough to get listened to (& maybe spread), & b) give you a frame for selecting which incidents get mentioned, and which are left to form the unstated background.

##### 2. Can the funny be made the vehicle?

Try it and find out.

##### 3. What incidents will naturally fit into a song about the funny part of the situation?

Let's take a five-verse limit:

First verse: general statement. What's this I hear, what doom have you brought upon



yourselves in your folly. Run, Haelies, run; the Tuchuks are coming.

Second verse: more specific statement. What ever possessed you to even consider defending a lady's honor against one of those howling barbarians? (Run, Haelies, run; the Tuchuks are coming.)

Third verse: more background detail. He didn't insult her, anyway. His household harlots are as good a lay as any foreign wench.

Fourth verse: more foreground detail. Instructions for making life hard on the nitwit who provoked their ire (i.e., the one who agreed to champion the lady). Run, Haelies, run; the Tuchuks are coming.

Fifth verse: restatement. Emphasizing that this warning is from an onlooker, who has nothing at all to do with the affair.

Not a complete chronicle, but covers the major points, I should think. Might be a good idea to forewarn the ones you don't intend to insult, that you're going to try to ridicule the whole mess.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

u n t i t l e d

(tune: Long Black Rifle)

No tombs where treasures of kings are laid,  
But middens and hearths, where life was played,  
Are patiently waiting the brush and spade  
By Time's dark river.

[cho] Ghosts, and graves, and dreams intermingled.

Foul and beautiful, side by side.

Washed and tumbled in Time's dark river,

Swept into dark by the ebbing tide.

Now, thus they were born, and lived, and died;

Their seasonal round, whatever betide.

While their neighbors made tools that made the sea provide,

By Time's dark river.

[cho]

(continued)



(continued)

They had learned, and lived, in the years gone by.

For all that we find, we must wonder, Why?

Why did they choose to dig in, and die

By Time's dark river?

Ghosts, and graves, and dreames, intermingled:

Foul and beautiful, side by side.

Washed and tumbled by Time's dark river --

Swept into dark by the ebbing tide.

Though much is gone, much yet remains,

Where mountain rises, and river drains --

And ringwalls look over Lunar plains

By Time's dark river.

This one is dedicated to Senator Proxmire.

I got "Long Black Rifle" off THE KINGSTON TRIO AT LARGE (Capitol, T1199, if that means anything at this late date). I think it was their third; there may have been a ~~songbook~~ vocal album to go with it. The credits on the label says "Lawrence Coleman - Norman Gimbel", but precisely what it means I don't know.

This next is a reprint from the ACORN, newsletter for the Barony of Myrkode and the Kingdom of Atlantia. When I gave 'em this, tho, it was the Principality of A. And it's more than a reprint: a paste-up. The longhand corrections are: "lay" in verse five; "had spent" in verse last.

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#### HERALD AND MINSTREL\*

(Tune: One Misty Moisty Morning -- Steeleye Span)

The night was dark and chilly, with the torches burning high.

We sat about the camp to talk until the dawn was nigh.

But then out from the shadows there, a voice began to sing:

"O herald, come; O herald; come; Oh, come attend your King."

He stepped into the light and said, "From Cambion I come.

Your Eastern King is in our hands, and we must have ransom.

A keg of mead deliver up, if you'd see him agin' --

So herald, come; O herald, come; oh, come attend your King."

(continued)

\*heralds originally were minstrels, you know...



(continued)

I flung a cloak across my back, and off we two did jog,  
Off to the camp of Cambion, stuck safe behind its bog.  
And as we slipped and slid and squashed he would explain the thing:  
O herald, come, O herald, come; oh, come attend your King.

"Affairs are greatly in arrears," Big Rorik then did say,  
"We've fought in Pennsic Eight and Nine and not received our pay.  
If Aelfwine brings the mead, then you shall have your King agin' --  
So herald, come; O herald, come; oh, come attend your King."

King Gavin lay within the camp. His hands were closely bound.  
Whenever he would free one, they would bring another round.  
And clasped close about his neck the Cambion fetters cling:  
O herald, come; O herald, come; oh, come attend your King.

The keg of mead had since arrived by that same boggy lane.  
I plucked the King from out the camp: the King plucked forth his chain.  
The sacred Crown of Eastern Realm I took beneath my wing.  
O herald, come; O herald, come; oh, come attend your King.

- - - - -

Now, thinking back upon that night, and on its happy end,  
I wonder still if Cambion got more than they had spent  
A keg of anything is small, with Gavin in the ring:  
So herald, come, or someone come, and take away your King!

-- Styrbjörg Ulfedhnar

The last verse is marked off from the rest because it wasn't written until a few days after the events. This is the fourth, I think, of my 24-hour songs.

"One Misty, Moisty Morning" appears on the Span's 2-record album GREAT MASTERS. Further data will have to wait until I'm in the same building with it.

The story of King Gavin's Ransom, as near as I can piece it out from various sources, is as follows:

Gavin bought the Markland contract for Pennsic 9 with the promise of ~~seken seken~~ ~~sin~~ (I won't try to spell it) a non-alcoholic Persian drink and a keg of mead. Alas, he hadn't made arrangements in advance; and while Cariadoc came thru with the former, Mel refused to contribute the latter.

Marklanders are kind of fond of Gavin (he has his own verse in "Viking on a Raft", but that's another story) so they kidnapped him over to their camp to hold him to ransom for their pay. They let the autocrat talk to him about the business of the event, but no one else. "Prisoner: go away." And they invented a new method of restraint: a beer can in each hand.

Gavin was a model prisoner. He actually warned his captors when the restraints showed signs of wear. "Guard! Guard: it's empty." Eventually, Big Rurik set out to find a herald to send to negotiate the ransom. On the way, he met Alfwine.

Now, Aelfwine and his lady hold open house -- or open campfire -- each Pennsic. A keg of mead, and big drinking horns. And for some reason, on that night the keg



was barely broached. (It wasn't the fault of the mead, as Markland bore wet witness.) So there was Aelfwine, with a keg on his shoulder, looking for customers. Big Rorik directed him.

But he still hadn't found a herald, so he went on with his search. Thus it was, that as I sat in John the Rimer's camp, chatting about the state of the universe, I heard this semi-atonal buzzing hum. (If you've ever heard Big Rorik, you know what I mean.) "It looks like a herald; it walks like a herald; it talks like a herald. Gotta be a herald."

He told me that Cambion was holding His Eastern Majesty ransom, and said majesty had asked him to get a herald. Rorik hadn't found the specific herald Gavin asked for, but whatthehell, a herald is a herald. I nipped over to our camp, couldn't find my herald's baldric, took Triton's cape instead (a titled pursuivant is also entitled to wear a cape) and headed off.

There was exactly one dry path across the field to the Cambian camp. It was wide enough for exactly two feet, so two of our combined four were always in the mud. This is Marklandic defensive siting.

When I got there, someone had added more fetters: Gavin was holding three cans of beer. Correction -- three beer cans.

He was soon freed, and we started to leave. Mouse called, "Gavin! Don't you want your chain back?" Need I tell you where she-- ? No, I didn't think so. Gavin handed me the crown (It was the new one Cariadoc made) and went back to get his chain. I waited.

Now, it couldn't have been reflex, because I'd never touched the crown before. But without thinking, I did an Akbar with it; threaded it up my arm to my shoulder. The cape hid it. When a couple of the younger (and I think drunker) Marklanders got the idea of holding the crown for further ransom, it was nowhere visible. They'd seen the king hand it to me, but there I was with both hands in plain sight. Where . . . ?

We went back the long way 'round. Partly because the ground was less muddy, partly in case Gavin needed the woods.

The next one has an interesting history. It started off as a new third verse to "Morgan's Puppies", and grew from there.

Dick Eney and I had somehow got to discussing the so-called 'Killer Elite', a melee team from the Middle Kingdom. Nobody cares for them, if only because of that bragging name.

They had a tacky rebus up (I think it was back in Pennsic 8) of 'no quarter': the fraction in black, and the red circle-and-slash. They could at least have used the heraldic quarter, tho I admit nothing but the international 'no' symbol could be sure of conveying the rest of the idea.

Then in Nine, and again in Ten, they had the Totenkopf: a skull in trian aspect over crossed bones sort of squeezed horizontal. This was the insigne of the death squads of the concentration camps.



Well, I knew that the Dinas Morin Shield Wall had offed them once. There was a song about it. Dick told me that Elandris had offed them at Ten, so of course I made a verse about that. And it seemed that the old Ostgard Free Company had done the same . . . Obviously, the Killer Elite deserved more extended coverage.

KILLER ELITE  
(tune: Rosin the Beau)

There's a <sup>G</sup>melee <sup>C</sup>team <sup>G</sup>out in the Middle:  
The 'Killer Elite' is it's <sup>C</sup>name. <sup>D7</sup>  
Tho <sup>G</sup>not quite the <sup>C</sup>way they had <sup>G</sup>planned it, They <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>certainly <sup>D7</sup><sup>G</sup>gathered their fame.  
They certainly <sup>D</sup>gathered their <sup>G</sup>fa-a-ame -- <sup>C</sup>  
They <sup>G</sup>certainly gathered their <sup>C</sup>fame. <sup>D7</sup>  
Tho <sup>G</sup>not quite the <sup>C</sup>way they had <sup>G</sup>planned it, They <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>certainly <sup>D7</sup><sup>G</sup>gathered their fame.

The Killer Elite wear the Death's-head;  
The rest of the War is not pleased.  
It's one thing to choose a role-model, But  
why emulate a disease?  
But why [&c]

The Killer Elite wear the Death's-head;  
The ShieldWall destroyed them last year;  
Ostgardni got their turn before then, So  
Elandris made meat of them here.  
Elandris made meat of them here;  
The ShieldWall destroyed them last year;  
Ostgardni got their turn before then, So  
Elandris made meat of them here.

When you form up a new Eastern shieldwall,  
There's one set of dues you should pay.  
When you meet the Elite at the Pennsic, It's  
your turn to blow them away.  
It's your turn [&c]

The funny bit with the third and fourth lines is an oddity of the tune. What would normally be the first syllable of the last line is on the last beat of the third.



Here's the data on "One Misty Moisty Morning". The 2-record album is ORIGINAL MASTERS, Chrysalis records CH2 1136. It appeared previously on PARCEL OF ROGUES. When I pestered Chrysalis about written music, they gave me the address for

Big Three Music  
729 Seventh Avenue  
New York NY 10019

I wrote to them last August, and haven't heard yet. Maybe someone in the area can go park on their lawn or something.

Hm. I haven't done "Morgan's Puppies" yet, have I?

m o r g a n ' s   p u p p i e s

(tune: Rosin the Beau)

When <sup>G</sup>Morgan is <sup>C</sup>walking her <sup>G</sup>puppies,  
All in a straight column they go. <sup>D</sup>  
And the <sup>G</sup>people who see them out walking, <sup>C</sup>Think  
"how <sup>G</sup>quickly those <sup>D</sup>puppies do <sup>G</sup>grow!"  
How quickly those <sup>D</sup>puppies do <sup>G</sup>gro-o-ow, <sup>C</sup>  
How quickly those <sup>G</sup>puppies do <sup>C</sup>grow. <sup>D</sup>  
And the <sup>G</sup>people who see them out walking, <sup>C</sup>Think  
"how <sup>G</sup>quickly those <sup>D</sup>puppies do <sup>G</sup>grow!"

When the puppies are loose in the meadow,  
Their romping is cute as can be:  
Gather up shields and stray helmets, And  
fetch Morgan the chewed-up debris.  
Fetch Morgan the [&c]

The Killer Elite wears the Death's-head:  
The ShieldWall destroyed them last year.  
Ostgardni got their turn before then, So  
the puppies made meat of them here.  
The puppies made meat of them here,  
The ShieldWall destroyed them last year.  
Ostgardni got their turn before then, So  
the puppies made meat of them here.

Now, puppies need good, hearty feeding:  
No less than the finest will do.  
If you're not a good freind to the Eastrealm, The  
puppies might start up on you.  
The puppies might [&c]

Annotation can wait til next time. (See how confident I am that there's going to be a next time.) Unless something startling turns up, I'm signing off now.

Lee



# ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX AND ME

Key of D

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<sup>D</sup> Zaphod Beeblebrox and me zoom <sup>Em</sup> across the Galaxy

<sup>A</sup> In a sleeking ship that's fast, like the Titanic. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Half the interstellar fuzz fire <sup>Em</sup> blaster bolts at us;

<sup>A</sup> Time for us to settle back; and please <sup>D</sup> DON'T PANIC.

<sup>Em</sup> Masrathes's just ahead. Who cares <sup>A</sup> if the planet's <sup>D</sup> dead,

<sup>A</sup> And our robots are a bunch of mindless <sup>D</sup> jerks?

<sup>D</sup> Zaphod Beeblebrox should know how this <sup>Em</sup> blasted thing should go.

<sup>A</sup> Are we ready? Up the <sup>D</sup> Vosons! Shoot the works!

Hello, Arthur! Hi there Ford! Glad to see you both aboard  
(Though we really didn't want to see your faces).  
Hope you'll both enjoy the trip. Zaphod here just stole the ship.  
Please calm down--it's not that bad--and take your places.

If you'll please consult the Guide, you'll see odds are on our side:  
It's improbable that we should blow this run.  
Does that missile turn you pale? Then we'll change it to a whale.  
Let's touch down. Avoid the whale meat. Ain't this fun?

(Optional interlude by EDDIE, the shipboard computer)

Here's a question posed for you: what's the answer 42  
Have to do with all the reasons for your life?  
For the mice would like to know; they're the ones who run the show,  
And so, Arthur, they're for giving you the knife.

Won't you let me please explain? They just want to take your brain.  
It's a little thing I'm certain you won't miss.  
Oh, dear me, here come the cops, and their firing has no stops.  
Zaphod Beeblebrox is for eternal bliss.

(Optional bridge by MARVIN, the paranoid android)

Here's a payment fitting crime: we're all at the end of time,  
And we're going to start another stealing spree.  
Who says crime is going to pay? (Marvin, beam us all away!)  
Only foolish chaps like Beeblebrox and me!

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# ANAKREON

#12, APA-Filk Mailing #12

Samhain 9981 (1 November 1981 CE)

## THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

(third supplement)

The chorus is sung after every verse.

306. We are children of the Goddess  
And the Horned One begot us  
And with love the Craft they taught us  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

CHORUS: Give me that old time religion,  
Give me that old-time religion,  
Give me that old-time religion,  
It's good enough for me!

307. In the face of Inquisition  
We maintained an opposition  
And preserved the Old Tradition  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

308. We survived the conflagration  
And emerged with jubilation  
In a new reincarnation  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

309. Now the candles are a-gleaming  
And the cauldron is a-steaming  
And the full Moon is a-beaming  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

310. Let's go skyclad all together  
Dance the Circle round the heather  
Never mind the freezing weather  
It's good enough for me. (RG)

311. Come and join the celebration  
Pour the Goddess a libation  
You don't need initiation  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

312. If the rednecks say we're "sinning"  
I don't care, 'cause we are winning  
And this is only the beginning  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

313. After converts we're not chasing  
And their money we're not fleecing  
Still our numbers are increasing  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

314. Perfect love and perfect trust  
We shall rise up from the dust  
And become the upper crust  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

315. We are child-ren of Wicca  
And although we may bicker  
O-ur loving is much quicker  
And that's good enough for me! (RG)

316. When the blizzard is a-whirling  
And the Yule log is a-burning  
And the Sun-God is returning  
It's good enough for me. (RG)

317. When the ice is a-breaking  
And the buds are a-taking  
And the Lady is a-waking  
It's good enough for me. (RG)

318. When the day meets the night  
In equal dark and equal light  
God and Goddess shall unite  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

319. On the eve of the Ma-ay  
Round the fires burning gay  
Witches dance the night away  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

320. When Midsummer fires burn  
Ere the Sun begins to turn  
Comes the flowering of the Fern  
And that's good enough for me (RG)

321. When the Sun is a-going  
And the crops have finished growing  
And we reap the fruits of sowing  
It's good enough for me. (RG)

322. When the night meets the day  
When leaves turn brown and skies turn  
gray  
And the Sun is going away  
It's good enough for me. (RG)

(continued on p. 3)



## PAGAN NOTES

This fourth collection of verses to the Neo-Pagan song "That Real Old-Time Religion" owes a great deal to Rus Gulevitch. Rus is active in Prometheus Coven of Mastic Beach, Long Island. Many of these verses come from other members of the coven, particularly Ruthi Gulevi. Some of them have been printed by The Georgian Newsletter, published by California's Georgian Coven. Puck, the Minstrel of the Georgian Coven, is also represented here, particularly in the 375th verse, which is his tribute to the Prometheans. Puck has written several other verses, which I hope to print in future issues.

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. It goes into APA-Filk, a quarterly amateur press association of people interested in filk-singing - that is, the creation and dissemination of parodic or derivative songs through science-fiction and fantasy fandom, the Mediaeval Revival, war-gaming fandom, Neo-Paganism, and other such special interest groups.

The first collection of verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" appeared in ANAKREON #6. Supplements to this made up #8, #10, and now #12. Henceforth, each Samhain (1 November) issue of ANAKREON will be devoted entirely to further verses

This is of this song, and to other songs, serious and frivolous, of the Neo-Pagans, Witches, Heathens, Polytheists, or however they choose to be called in an over-labelled world. The next such collection O At will be in ANAKREON #16, to be published on 1 November 1982. If P Great you have a contribution for that issue, please send it in by the E Intervals end of September 1982. R This

A Appears For further information about APA-Filk, whose copy count is T To 50, write to Robert Bryan Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, New I Inflame Yon 11598. The next APA-Filk publication date is 1 February 1982. O Optic Through the kindness of Judy Harrow, several copies of this N Nerves issue of ANAKREON will go to the Mid-Atlantic Pan-Pagan Conference

# 1094 And Festival (MAPPCAF), to be distributed to the participants. If any MAPPCAF participants should decide to compose more verses, as a good many of them did during the February 1980 MAPPCAF, I would be glad to get them.

This time, songs other than "That Real Old-Time Religion" will be getting into ANAKREON. A few others, serious and frivolous, begin on p. 7.

Rus has a resolution of the situation presented in ANAKREON #8, in which two different stories of the origin of "That Real Old-Time Religion" were presented. "I'd heard about Cybele being the originator of O. T. R. too," he wrote. "But I also heard that several covens (who had no contact with each other) got the same idea at different times, and Cybele is but the one who first made it more or less public. Such things happen often enough."

Neo-Pagans may be interested in a few of the issues of my s-f fanzine DAGON, which has sometimes reviewed books about Paganism - some friendly, some hostile, and some showing about as much of a scholarly neutrality as is possible. Relevant issues are:

- 214: Isaac Bonewits, Real Magic (10 August 1979)
- 224: Margot Adler, Drawing Down the Moon (28 December 1979)
- 225: Elliot Rose, A Razor for a Goat (26 January 1980)
- 236: Poul Anderson, A Midsummer Tempest (13 September 1980)
- 246: Julio Caro Baroja, The World of the Witches (11 April 1981)
- 252: Jack T. Chick, The Broken Cross and Spellbound? (15 August 1981)

As available, these are 20¢ each. So is each back issue of ANAKREON. Pagan publications who think their readers may be interested should spread the information. Payment in stamps is not only all right, but is encouraged.

Several of the verses published in previous ANAKREONS have found their way

(continued on p. 6)



(continued from p. 1)

323. When the souls of the departed  
Come to join us cheerful-hearted  
We know in death we are not parted  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

324. On the Christians worship Jesus  
But their sermons sure don't please us  
It's a "sin" each time ya sneezes  
And that's not good enough for me. (RG)

325. On the Jews prefer Jehovah  
But their life is not all clover  
'Cause they're hung with rules all over  
And that's not good enough for me. (RG)

326. On the Buddhists worship Buddha  
He's one really serene dude-ah  
But you have to beg for food-ah  
And that's not good enough for me. (P)

327. On the Moonies worship Moon  
(Not the goddess but the goon)  
They'd eat his shit without a spoon  
And that's not good enough for me. (RG)

328. Hare Krishnas worship Rama  
With their cymbals and their drumma  
But their lifestyle is a bumma  
And that's not good enough for me. (RG)

329. On the Trekkies worship Spock  
To the movies they will flock  
Girls as baldy as a crock  
And that's not good enough for me. (RG)

330. On the Thelemates worship Crowley  
While he's roasting very slowly  
'Cause they think he's so damn holy  
And that's not good enough for me. (RG)

331. On the Satanists worship Satan  
And behave so aggravatin'  
All of them deserve castratin'  
And that's not good enough for me. (RG)

332. Every one of them will say  
They possess the "one true way"  
But I'll take Wicca any day  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

333. When the full Moon's in the sky-y  
And the Witching Hour is ni-igh  
Flying Ointment we'll apply  
And that's very good for me. (RG)

334. Up the chimney, down the street  
Flying at ten thousand feet,  
(Pan Am, take the backmost seat!)  
'Cause this is good enough for me. (RG)

335. Our coven is a bunch,  
But I have a sneakin' hunch  
That their brains are out to lunch,  
But they're good enough for me! (RG)

336. Our High Priestess is a doll,  
But she's fond of alcohol;  
Carlo Rossi she'll extoll,  
But she's good enough for me! (RG)

337. Our High Priest thinks he's Conan,  
But he cannot keep a bone-on;  
He resorts to the rite of Onan,  
But he's good enough for me! (RG)

338. Our Maiden is a virgin,  
But her big toes keep divergin'  
And she don't need any urginn'  
And WOW! that's good enough for me! (RG)

339. Our Maiden is a virgin,  
But her buttocks keep divergin'  
In Greek Rite she don't need urginn',  
But she's good enough for me! (RG)

340. Our Summoner thinks he's lusty,  
But his balls are getting dusty,  
And his nail is getting rusty,  
But he's good enough for me! (RG)

341. Our Witch-Queen has a tushie,  
Which is big and wide and plushy;  
Altars under her go crushy,  
Whatever the carpentry! (RG)

342. Our coven has a charter  
It received from some old farter,  
And they gave him one in barter,  
But it's good enough for me. (RG)

343. Our First-Degree has curves  
That give all our men the swerves,  
(Which gets on the ladies' nerves),  
But she's (wow!) good enough for me. (RG)

344. Our Healer shaves her thing;  
Once a month we see the string,  
Back and forth it tends to swing,  
But she's good enough for me! (RG)

345. Our Neophyte's a fool,  
But he's got a ten-inch tool;  
He'll have Third Degree by Yule  
If all the girls agree. (RG)

346. Our Familiar is black  
With a white stripe down the back;  
When his tail goes up, make tracks!  
(It ain't perfumery!) (RG)



347. Our Minstrel's macrophonic  
And he thinks he's so harmonic;  
But he's more like cacophonic,  
And plays a mile off key. (RG)

348. Our chalice holds six quart,  
And our wine - it sure ain't port!  
It's distilled in a retort,  
But it'sh good enough for me! (RG)

349. Our Book-of-Shads is old,  
Every page inch-deep in mold,  
( 'Cause the store where they are sold  
Got flooded by the sea.) (RG)

350. Our rituals are diverse,  
Every week a different curse...  
Goddess! What if they reverse?  
It won't be good enough for me. (RG)

351. It was good for Mother Shipton,  
It was good for Mother Shipton,  
And her herb teas sure beat Lipton,  
And they work well enough for me. (RG)

352. Bakersfield has Minstrel Puck  
Who with verses shows much pluck,  
Though I think he'd rather...play,  
But he's good enough for me. (RG)

353. We were told in Pagan class  
That leaping cauldrons is a gas,  
But I got a roasted...Pentacle,  
Now I can't sit down to tea. (RG)

354. Outdoor skyclad is for weirdos  
Who forget about mosquitoes.  
(Here they hit you like torpedoes!  
Mastic Beach is not for me!) (RG)

355. Outdoor skyclad is for weirdoes  
Who forget about mosquirdoes.  
(Here they zap you like torperdoes!  
Mastic Beach is not for me!) (RG)

356. Gavin Ice took out his phallus  
And he stuck it in the chalice.  
Please don't pee, Gav, out of malice,  
'Cause that's not good enough for me. (RG)

357. "Magick's" language is so queer  
Causes Crowley to appear,  
And to stick it in your...ear,  
And that's (OUCH!) not good enough  
for me. (RG)

358. I inherited from Mommy,  
I inherited from Mommy,  
My big, black, switch-blade athammy,  
And it's ba-a-a-ad enough for me! (RG)

359. When a Witch says "wackawacka"  
You must kiss her "smackasmacka",  
And receive one backabacka,  
And that's good enough for both! (RG)

360. There's a Goddess known as K'rta,  
She, from whom all life doth sp'rt, a-  
nd she won't let us get h'rt, a-  
nd she's good enough for me! (RG)

361. There's the Russian god Yarilo,  
As a love-god he's a thrill; oh,  
When he comes, there is no chill; oh,  
He's very much like me! (RG)

362. It's no good for Jerry Falwell,  
And he don't think we're at all well,  
But the Great Rite's when we ball well,  
And it's good enough for me. (FK)

363. Are you waiting for the Rapture?  
Superstition's got you captured.  
You believe a lot of crap, sure,  
Isn't good enough for me. (FK & HB)

364. Oh, my name is Torquemada,  
I burn Lutherans in Granada,  
It's all for tha holy fadda  
And it's good enough for me. (GS1)

365. We worship in the Northwest  
Where water is our fortress.  
Where the Lord and Lady know best,  
And that's good enough for me. (Ha)

366. So you want'a be a Deva,  
A Real Bodhisattva,  
A Really old Believer!  
And that's good enough for me. (Ha)

367. The Old God of Man entices  
Paganism our life spices.  
So just 'ankh' if you love Isis!  
And that's good enough for me. (JHk)

368. Bumper stickers of all sizes  
At quite reasonable prices:  
They say: "Ankh if you love Isis"  
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

369. We remember Ariadne,  
To whom Theseus was a cad. He  
Split and left her feeling badly -  
Good old Bacchus set her free. (JB)

370. Though they wrote Star-Spangled  
Banner  
On Anakreon's planner,  
He has such a laid-back manner,  
That' he's good enough for me. (DM)



371. He's in heaven drinkin' hearty  
At a never-ending party.  
Charter member from the start, he  
'S got the seat I'd like for me. (DM)

372. If you plan to court Medusa  
At her place in Syracuse,  
Take a mirror; what's the use-a  
Getting stoned before your spree? (DM)

373. With Inanna don't try flirtin';  
To your freedom she'll say "Curtain!"  
'Cause she finds it most impertin-  
Ent to say, "She don't suit me." (DM)

374. She got eager for Dumuzi;  
Said she'd meet him up by Muzi.  
Now he's taking quite a snooze; he  
Might revive next century. (DM)

375. To Prometheus let us hark,  
In bringing fire he made his mark,  
Or we'd be dancing in the dark,  
And that's not good enough for me. (P)

376. We'll go riding with Arawn  
In the dark before the dawn,  
Wildest Hunt we've ever been on,  
But it's good enough for me. (CL)

377. There are those who sing out  
"Amen!"

To a bastard Jewish shaman  
(You know who, so I won't name him),  
He's not good enough for me! (MB)

378. We'll do a film on Caligula,  
The perverted Roman ruler  
It will make a lot of moolah  
And that's good enough for me! (MB)

379. Let's have one verse that's Carl  
Sagan's.  
He's seen Earthmen, Martians, Vegans,  
But he's yet to meet us Pagans,  
And that's good enough for me. (Ab)

Ab - Abby  
CL - Cheryl Lloyd  
DM - Digger McGilp  
FK - Fred Kuhn  
GSI - Gianni Siri  
Ha - Haragano  
HB - Hugo T. Bear  
JB - John Boardman  
JHK - John Hedtke  
MB - Mark Blackman  
P' - Puck  
PG - Promethean Goven  
RG - Rus Gulevich



## PAGAN NOTES (continued from p. 2)

into other collections. Haragano writes that verses 8, 9, 12, 31, 33-40, 97, 98, 101-109, and 295 are in the 3rd edition of The HOPSFA Hymnal, some of them in variant form. And Robin Arnhold tells me that Pete Seeger sang verses 9, 167, 168, and 246 in a concert. (In verse 168 he substituted "hermetic" for "fermented".)

Alarums & Excursions, an amateur press association for the players of Dungeons & Dragons, published in 1979 under the editorship of Lee Gold, reprinted verses 8, 9, 31, 33-36, 97, and 109, plus another one which is 376 in this issue. (This collection also includes "Music to Loot Dungeons By", "You Bash the Balrog", and, to the tune of "Molly Malone", "Friar Malone".)

A reference to "That Old-Time Religion" appeared a few years ago in a rather unusual place - the liberal protestant weekly Christian Century. I had heard that Christian Century had published an article condemning the Fundamentalist fanaticism of Jack T. Chick's comic books, some of which have been reviewed in DAGON as mentioned above. I never located any such article, but I did find a cartoon in the issue of 27 December 1978. Christian Century does not appear to publish cartoons often, and this one, on page 1278, seems to be there only because some space was left at the bottom of the page after the publication of their semi-annual index. The cartoon shows a stereotype witch, standing next to a cauldron and wielding a large wooden spoon. She is singing "Give me that old-time religion". On her robe are the words: "Druids make better soup." The cartoon seems to have no relation to anything currently appearing in Christian Century, although a couple of years later the magazine attacked the Neo-Pagans and attracted a strong rebuttal from the redoubtable Los Angeles Witch Z Budapest.

Initials of contributors are identified on page 5.

306-315: These are the original PC verses. After the chorus to 314, PC goes right into Verse 315, without a pause and with a crescendo.

316-323: These 8 verses are sung by PC to mark the "wheel of the year", the eight principal festivals. An alternate 3rd line to Verse 319 is "Pagans dance the night away".

324-332: These verses poke fun at "alien cults". Verse 177, which was also in this vein, was also written by RG.

333-359: "This is NOT about anybody's coven (I don't think)." - RG

339: Alternate last line: "And it saves him from V.D."

341: Alternate last line: "(Even strongest carpentry!)"

342 & 356: These verses poke fun at a well-known Pagan who runs a correspondence course for the would-be witch. So does one of the verses in "Goddess, I Wanna Be a Witch".

354 & 355: Yes, these are two different verses. Look at the rhyme scheme, or lack of it!

359: "Wackawacka" is a 'cat' word from B. Kliban's book Cat. We tell people it means 'kiss me.' - RG

363: See Verse 210, and I Thessalonians 4:17.

364: This works best in an extreme New York City accent.

365 & 366: These were made up after a Lammas picnic.

367: JHK reports that he actually saw a bumper sticker with an ankh and this slogan on it.

370-371: Though he was the patron of songs of good cheer, Anakreon might not be appreciated by Feminist folksingers. He is in print with some decidedly MCP opinions. His contemporary Sappho probably had some sharp words to say to him about this. He is supposed to have choked to death on a grape seed in his wine, conceivably after reading what she'd said about him.



## BE PAGAN ONCE AGAIN

((The first Pagan ritual I ever attended was Samhain 1976, at Margot Adler's. In the socializing that followed the actual ritual, this song was sung as a suggestion to end Ireland's troubles. The tune is the Irish Nationalist song "A Nation Once Again".))

When childhood's fire was in my blood,  
I dreamt an ancient dreaming.  
Against the church we boldly stood  
As Pagans and as freemen,  
And that in dreams I yet might see  
The Druid in the glen,  
And Ireland, long the churches' toy,  
Be Pagan once again.

The Old Gods only sleep, you know,  
Although betrayed and slandered,  
They guarded us from every foe  
And blessed each crop and fine herd.  
Then Patrick drove the snakes away  
And brought the churches in.  
'Twas a bloody poor bargain, I would say:  
Be Pagan once again.

Both Catholic and Protestant  
Lead us round by our noses,  
Distracting from the filthy scent  
Of England's rotten roses.  
They get us at each others' throats  
To murder kith and kin.  
Too long we've been their starving goats:  
Be Pagan once again.

And ever since that wretched day  
When Ireland first went Christian,  
They've hedged us in in every way  
And freedom made the worst sin.  
Hang every churchman to a tree -  
Burn out their golden den.  
It's the only way we'll e'er be free:  
Be Pagan once again.

## SONGS FOR YULE

((The next of the eight seasonal Pagan festivals will be Yule, as the Winter Solstice observance was called long before a new-fangled and exclusive god was brought up from the south. More practically, it is when you kill and eat all the livestock that you don't have the grain to feed through the winter. A Pagan friend gave me a songsheet of Pagan Yule songs, all to the tunes of well-known Christmas songs. In fact, one of the songs needed no emendation at all, since "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly" is completely Pagan as it stands. A flaw in the duplication of the copy I got leaves off the name of the author of the first song; the second is by J. Leland and Alice Rhoades, and the third by Alice Rhoades. The collection contained several others, including some Christmas carols modified for other seasons, principally spring. There was also a song, which I am not going to include here, which has caused some controversy among Neo-Pagans. It is "Away on an Altar", to the tune of "Away in a Manger", and is written by Leland as "purely comic, an expression of what Christians are supposed to think Pagans do." Regrettably, the Jack T. Chick works reviewed in DAGON #252 indicate that Christians do indeed propagate a "ritual murder" libel against Pagans, as viciously as they once did against Jews. This song, though frivolously intended by its author as a satire on Christian bigotry, would unfortunately be taken seriously by the Christians. More problems like this the Neo-Pagans don't need.))

God rest ye folk of Asatru  
Let nothing you dismay.  
Just call on Thor and he will come  
To send his strength our way  
And save us from the Christian curse  
That led us all astray,  
Oh, tidings of freedom and joy,  
Freedom and joy!  
Oh, tidings of freedom and joy.

Remember how we blessed the boar  
And gave the gods our song?  
Remember how we lit the torch  
To speed the Sun along?  
Remember when our minds were free  
And our thoughts were strong?  
Oh, tidings of freedom and joy,  
Freedom and joy!  
Oh, tidings of freedom and joy.



They hid from us our Father's eye  
And made him deaf and blind;  
The Lady's necklace shattered,  
As a nun she was confined;  
Men no more sought the future,  
They no longer looked behind,  
Oh, tidings of freedom and joy,  
Freedom and joy!  
Oh, tidings of freedom and joy.

The time is past when we need bow  
To words laid down by men.  
Tear down the walls that bar our way,  
And once more seek the glen --  
The Tree they turned into a cross  
Is growing green again,  
Oh, tidings of freedom and joy,  
Freedom and joy!  
Oh, tidings of freedom and joy.

The Goddess bless thee, covenfolk,  
Let nothing you dismay;  
For, lo, the Sun is born again  
Upon this Yuletide Day,  
Delivering us from the dark  
And leading to the May.  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy!  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

The power of the Pentagram  
Is old yet ever new.  
The Goddess doth three faces have,  
The Lord he hath but two.

#### Thunder Rolls (Tune: "Jingle Bells")

Dashing through the sky  
In an iron-shod two-goat shay,  
Holding hammers high,  
Seeking trolls to slay.  
Rumbling fills the air,  
As the cowardly take flight.

#### Asa-Thor is Comin' to Town (Tune: "Santa Claus is Comin' to Town")

Oh, you better watch out,  
You better not cry,  
You better not pout,  
I'm tellin' you why:  
Asa-Thor is comin' to town.  
He's wearin' his gloves,  
Totin' his belt,  
The fire in his eyes would make  
a rock melt,  
Asa-Thor is comin' to town.

The meaning of the mystery is  
In waiting there for you.

Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy!  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

The dancers of the Holy Year  
Are eight, both great and small.  
The circles three, the quarters four,  
Watchtowers standing tall.

Be joyful, for the secret is:  
The Goddess rules them all!  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy!  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

Within the blessed apple lies  
The message of the Queen,  
For from this pentacle shall rise  
The orchards fresh and green.  
The earth shall blossom once again,  
The air be clear and clean,  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy!  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

Ye Sisters of the Sacred Moon,  
Ye Sun-Lords of the Day,  
Remember when the Blessing comes  
It alters every way;  
Encircling then the world of men  
And leading to the May.  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy!  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

What fun it is to brag and brawl  
While flying to a fight.

Oh, thunder rolls, thunder rolls,  
Light'ning flashes bright!  
O what fun to ride and sing  
A Pagan song tonight!

He guards you when you're sleeping,  
But once you are awake,  
Old Red-Beard leaves you on your own,  
And you get just what you make.

So, you better not moan,  
You better not whine,  
He'll rattle your bones  
And shake up your spine,  
Asa-Thor is comin' to town.



2

# GODDESS, I WANNA BE A WITCH

by Rus Gulevitch

This is one I started writing on the train home from a Pagan festival. (Everybody who has served in the military at one time or another sang this tune:

They say that in the Army  
The chicken's mighty fine.  
It jumped down from the table,  
And started marking time.

Gee Mom! I wanna go  
But they won't let me go,  
Gee Mom, I wanna go...home!  
Turn to your left, your right, your left,  
Turn to your left, your right, your left.

I've never seen the score to this, but Jim Alan told me the song is called "Gee Mom I Wanna Go Home") So I wrote a song to this tune and called it "Goddess, I Wanna Be a Witch." The chorus is repeated after each verse.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
They're full of inspiration;  
They give ya breathing exercise  
And hyperventilation.

CHORUS: Goddess! I wanna be!...  
But they won't let me be!...  
Goddess! I wanna be a Witch!  
Dance to your left, your right,  
your left;  
Dance to your left, your right,  
your left.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The circle's nine feet wide;  
Two hundred people showed up  
And couldn't fit inside.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The Goddess they'll invoke;  
But nobody can see her  
With all that cauldron smoke.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The incense-smoke is dense;  
Five pounds asafetida  
To an ounce of frankincense.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The rituals aren't vicious,  
So why then was I chosen  
As victim sacrificialous?

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The rituals are fine;  
The text is out of Crowley  
And twice as asinine.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
They serve you real good wine;  
It looks like Oklahoma Crude  
And tastes like turpentine.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
They don't suppress dissent;  
I argued, and got forty strokes  
Across the fundament

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The drinking is sincere;  
I had to finish a chalice  
With a quart of Everclear.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
There's Perfect Love and Trust;  
Especially for gals who have  
A forty-nine-inch bust.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The Priestess is so fine;  
She thinks she's Farrah Fawcett,  
We think she's Frankenstein.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The High Priest is a thriller;  
He behaves like Marlon Brando,  
And looks like Phyllis Diller.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
They're full of purity;  
The Maiden's not a maiden,  
And has c. i. a. p.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The cakes are mighty pure;  
They taste like mouldy cardboard,  
(You thought I'd say manure?)

They say that in the Pagan Way  
They're not based on La Bas;  
Some turkey led the ritual  
Invoking Satan.



They say that in the Pagan Way  
There's selectivity;  
But if you are good-looking,  
It's straight on to Third Degree.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
The guide will lead you on  
And on and on and on and on  
And on and on and on...

They say that in the Pagan Way  
There's no procrastination;  
I've been here fifty-seven years:  
Still no initiation.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
With secrets they will tease us;  
The competition tells us  
The answer is in Jesus.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
There's always Gavin Ice;  
Initiation via  
A Sexual device.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
There's always Castle Sagging.

ANAKREON #12

John Boardman  
234 East 19th Street  
Brooklyn, New York 11226  
U. S. A.

"They're not Pagans.

They're wearing clothes!"

- M+A+S+H, "Ping Pong"  
episode, 1977

The legendary tail that tries  
To set the dog a-wagging.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
They won't allow a fray;  
So if you feel like fighting,  
Go join the S. C. A.!

They say that in the Pagan Way  
There's always O. T. O.  
With nine degrees to choose from  
If you can raise the dough.

They say that in the Pagan Way  
You might forever stay;  
But if you have ten dollars,  
There's always P. S. A.

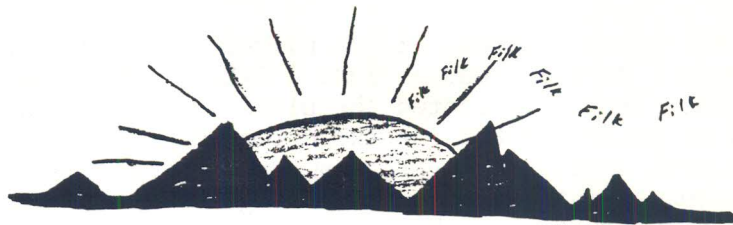
They say that in the Pagan Way  
You may become a magus;  
But how to go about it,  
They haven't got the vaguest.

They say that Rus & Ruthi  
Composed this song in fun,  
But ask a kid from Pagan Way;  
He'll say it's all been done.

FIRST CLASS MAIL



# Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn



verse 3, part 4

by Harold Groot 520 3rd St. Pitcairn, Pa. 15140 (note new address)

Greetings and Salutations. As you can see, someone was rash enough to give at least faint praise for the logo, so I've decided to keep it. At least, it's an easy way to use up part of a page. Another way is to put in a few

## GRACE NOTES

- MB - Nuke the Kazoo, obviously. I've put a few 6 month CDs in my dungeon.
- RBL - Sorry to see you go, you've done a good job. You already know my views on the sucession.
- JK - Oh, what a tangled web we weave...
- LB - The title you're looking for is "For What It's Worth" (Stop, children...)
- MM - I recall offering the Dutch version of the chorus of Green Hills of Earth to Mark Bernstein back at Marcon. You're welcome to run it in Kantele.
- MG & Co. - Interesting. There's another version (<sup>same</sup>title and tune) floating around the midwest.
- JB - I sent Old Gland Liver to a med student I know. Song of Oscar is good, although I'd leave out the chorus if singing it.

The Madhouse Manor Ceilidh (pronounced kay-lee) was a lot of fun. The weather was excellent, blackberries were in abundance, and the singing competition was quite good. The only trouble was, there were too many people. It took an hour and a half before I got to perform, and it was going to be over two hours before the cup worked it's way around the circle again to me. I did something I almost never do - I left before the evening ended. For various reasons (but not, alas, what you're thinking) I was exhausted, and I was having cramps in my arms. Next time I'll be prepared, and I'll know what type of song to bring. It was a good warmup for the Pennsic War. I got to test and waterproof my tent (sleeps 6 comfortably, or else holds a 20 person orgy with no trouble).

The Pennsic War itself is hard to describe, except in pieces. The East and Allies (mostly Atlantia, but with many other fine warriors too) actually won. There was singing every night, including a Bardic Circle as large as at the Ceilidh. Some really excellent pieces at all the sings. I didn't do as much of anything as I had planned, thanks to having had a cyst removed



from my neck the day before the war started. Imagine a bright crimson golf ball imbedded in my neck. That's what was removed. So I went around with a sore neck and a large bandage. I tried being a water bearer for the boar hunt. That was enough to tell me not to try much of anything. It also caused early retirement on a couple of nights.

At the end of August I moved. I had planned to stay on another month where I was, because I hadn't found a place I liked. The management had said I could do this. Then they rented the place out from under me, without bothering to tell me until I asked for the extension. Fortunately, I found a good place. The move itself, however, was done in great haste. I was just shoving things into boxes, intending to sort things out later at the new place. I still haven't unpacked more than about half of the stuff. One of the things missing is my address book (sigh).

Sept. was a month like June - either I went somewhere, or someone came to visit, every single night. The first week of Oct. was like that too. I went to an Arabian Nights Feast in W.Va., and attended the Viking Winter Finding Feast in Pgh. At the latter, I came in second in the song-and-story competition to a true historical saga. My entry was a combination of a song about the autocrat's imaginary first husband, Olaf, and a song written by the autocrat herself, which she was too nervous to sing. Both are presented here.

I also made it to Earthcon, which is a rather dubious distinction. On Friday night there was almost no filking. I didn't stay for Sat. night, but I heard it made Friday look lively.

Conclave, on the other hand, had a large number of filkers. In addition to the usual midwest crowd there was Margaret Middleton, Gordon Dickson, Bill Marsciello, Erin Jahr-Strom, and a couple of others I hadn't seen before. In spite of the tremendous array of talent, it never quite seemed to me to live up to it's potential. Indeed, the sings died down tremendously by 3 AM. I was handicapped this time by playing with a broken finger on my left hand. I took the splint off while playing, but it was definitely painful at times. I hope to have the splint off permanently by the time you read this. It really isn't helping my typing any either.

After Conclave itself, however, was a Sunday at Sweeney's party with Marty Burke. This lived up to expectations, meaning a fabulous time was had by just about everyone. The session was recorded, and a tape duplicator on the spot made tapes available within minutes.

There was also quite a session at Conclave on Atrocities. This basically, is taking someone else's filksong and putting a different tune to it. It usually means a very grim set of words to a lively, upbeat tune or vice-versa. There will be a very large number at Confusion, so be warned!

Speaking of Gordy - (Tune: Armour Hot Dog Jingle)

Writing. Gordy's writing. What kind of fans like Gordy's writing?  
 Fans who like their stories straight and true  
 Said "One Hugo's not enough - let's make it two."  
 For writing - Gordy's writing, it isn't just Dorsai!



The Winter Finding Feast was run by Adrianna Ramstar. She had told me how her father had married her off to Olaf, son of a chieftan I believe, who was a fantastic warrior but dumb. Not quite an 18/00 Strength and 3 Int., but close. Maybe 18/25 and 4. Her father had quieted her protests, saying that if she was really the gal he thought she was, Olaf wouldn't be around too long, she'd inherit his property, and in the meantime she had to admit that he had a tremendous bod. So a few months after they were married she said "Olaf my sweet, it's reaving season. Why don't you go off a-reaving?" So he did. On his way back, however, he fell overboard and drowned. So I sprung this song on her at her own event.

Wasn't He a Viking

by Ergard Joelson

Coulda been a broadsword  
Mighta been an axe  
All I know is someone jumped in front of me  
And gave me 'bout 40 whacks  
My shield is hacked to splinters  
I think I'm gonna die  
But tell me, me oh me oh my,  
And wasn't he a viking?

Coulda been a halberd,  
Mighta been a mace.  
All I know is something went a-whizzing by  
'Bout a half inch from my face  
It was swung by Olaf  
Then he got me coming back  
'Long about then everything went black,  
But wasn't he a viking?

Could be just my memory  
Still not very clear  
Think somebody told him I was on his side  
So he handed me back my ear  
Then he drank a keg of whiskey  
And he sang a song or two  
I think he cut off one ear to few  
But wasn't he a viking?

Me and Adrianna, thought the coast was clear  
Then some viking longships landed with old Olaf's souvenirs

There were weapons and armor,  
Beer and wine and ale  
But it seemed that Olaf had gone swimming  
And he forgot about his coat of mail  
Adrianna's now a widow  
And she's got his house and land  
Well, it went just the way she planned,  
For isn't she a viking?

tune: Wasn't That a Party?



Adrianna wrote the following, a friend noted that it fit beautifully to the tune "Silkie", and I wound up singing it at the Winter Finding, where it got a good reception (deservedly so, I think). This seems to have gotten her started, as she has written more items since. I plan to have her in my "guest spot" again, in the future.

To Return as a Chieftan by Adrianna Ramstar

Herald the Reaver came down to Wales  
Through Ran's dominations and death—bringing gales  
To Vike 'long the coastline, and carry off gold,  
And return, as a chieftan, to his northerly hold.

With sword and with fire, his men took the hall.  
The village was theirs, with rich booty for all.  
And among the loot taked, and thrall women won,  
There stood forth one maiden, as bright as the sun.

The maiden's fair beauty did set her apart  
From all other women, and smote his proud heart.  
Before kinsmen quarreled and berserks caused strife,  
Herald swore that the woman would soon be his wife.

The maiden was willing, for in fear she had been  
Since her mother had fled, 'fore the Master had ken  
That her father once had been Lord of the Hall,  
Ere the cruel, now dead Master, had conjured his fall.

So at the High Summons, the lovers were wed  
The new Lord and Lady to their Great Hall were led.  
No more would he brave Ran's deadly gales,  
For he lives, now a Chieftan, with his love down in Wales.



This next song was inspired by a book written by Thomas Swan, The Wierwoods. I've given the credit to Ergard (my SCA name) because I think it's more in his style.

Hearthfire/Woodsfire

by Ergard Joelson

Tune: Original

My Lady is a hearthfire  
 She burns by day and night  
 She's steady, warm and gentle  
 And fills me with delight.  
 But once there was a woodfire  
 With flames to reach the sky.  
 Hotter far than hearthfire  
 But woodfires quickly die.

Now I do love my hearthfire  
 And her love take in turn.  
 Our children gathered 'round us  
 like little hearthfires burn.  
 But once I was much younger  
 All in the prime of life.  
 And I did love a woodfire  
 And wanted her for wife.

We had but one short season  
 Of passion unsurpassed  
 And we burned all too brightly  
 A fire that could not last  
 And so I married hearthfire  
 To keep until I die  
 But I still think of woodfire  
 And when I do, I cry.



This last one could apply to any big Eastern tournament. It's specifically written for the upcoming Crown Tourney on Nov.7, so you realize that I'm just guessing as to who will actually show. From the rumors, though, it should be really something.

### Biggest Tourney in the World

by Ergard Joelson

I've never <sup>G</sup> seen so many maces, come <sup>Em</sup> from so many (far off) places  
<sup>C</sup> At one time  
<sup>D7</sup> It was the biggest tourney ever held, it would have blown  
<sup>G</sup> Count Frederick's mind.  
<sup>Em</sup> Kobeyashi, Vykor, Vissevald, Fernando, Mago, Gavin,  
<sup>C</sup> Everyone was there  
<sup>D7</sup> In fact, the only fighter missing was a former king with golden hair. <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Oh, the swords were swinging free, so I watched a team melee, <sup>D A7</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> and a challenge fight  
<sup>C</sup> And the lists went on and on, seems they started out at dawn, <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> and went through the night  
<sup>G</sup> But it's liquids that are miscible and ladies that are kissable <sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> that I pursue  
<sup>D7</sup> And I'll sing for your enjoyment while the fighters' bodies  
<sup>G</sup> All turn black and blue.

Well, they fought with spears and halberds and struck terrifying blows  
 that cut opponents down.

Then they grabbed up heavy shields and swords and started to begin  
 another round

Soon the reek of sweat and sound of blows on hard metallic armor  
 caused me great distress

For if I'm to chase the ladies at the feast tonight,

I've got to get some rest. (Hey, Gavin, could you die more quietly please?)



Well, the fighters who can win the crown by arms assuredly  
deserve respect by all,

And I am glad to sing their praises as I sit  
in comfort in the hall

I don't envy them their glory, they deserve it, and I'm proud  
to bow before their throne

They used swords to make their reputation , I'll use songs  
and backrubs for my own!

### Is This Any Way to Create a Classic?

Lastish, Lee discussed the different filking styles that she knew of. To which I'd like to add a few points. First, to create a classic, a song has to be launched. This is much easier to do in a midwest style sing than in an eastern sing, unless the tune is well known, the scansion obvious, and you are printing your own songbooks for the sing. On the other hand, at a midwest sing such as Conclave it took me over an hour before I got to do a song on Sat. night. I'm definitely not going to waste that wait on a classic when I've usually got a few new ones of my own, or some that I'm trying to make classic (i.e. Diana Gallagher's stuff). The old classics could be described as the best of the old songbooks (NESFA, HOPSFA, Filthy's MICRO-FILK). There are new classics in the making, as we seem to be in a filk explosion (APA-Filk, Kantele, Westerfilk, Cosmic Concepts, Crystal Visions, Crysal Memories, Karen Wilson's tape, etc.) "All of the Filkers are Singing", "Marcon Ballroom", "Starship Unity" , "Transport 18", "Lincoln Park Pirates", "The Czar", even "Banned from Argo" are all being sung less. They are becoming classics. The new wave filker is too busy with his/her new material to sing songs that he/she is tired of, especially if he/she only sings a half-dozen songs a night. I'll consider leading an Eastern group sing, though. If I print up my own songbooks, with a lot of my own material, I just might find I could have a few classics of my own in a few years.

KEEP ON FILKING!!!

*Harold Droot*







This is

## *Hemidemi semiquaver # 8*

HDSO for short, published by Jordin Kare, 2523 Ridge Rd. #315, Berkeley, CA 94709  
For APA-Filk #12

October 30, 1981

A very short and very late contribution this time: if it doesn't make it in time for the November collation, add it to February's.

This summer/fall I've been very busy (read "frantic") and mostly very depressed, so I haven't been writing much filk. I had my Ph.D. qualifying exams on 28 August, and passed, so I'm now a Ph.D. Pending (until I finish my thesis. Subject: Astrophysics. Current title: Automated detection and observation of Supernova explosions. Est. completion, Dec. 82. As if you wanted to know).

Right after that was Denvention, which was rather odd from a filk standpoint. A large fraction of the con was Californian, so I saw lots of familiar faces and relatively few new ones. This was the first worldcon that we got to with Jeff Rogers' super cassette recorder, though, so he sat in the middle every night and now we have really good tapes for the first time. There were problems with group size and singing style on several nights — bardic circles which ran far too slowly, good singers who were neglected (or got disgusted and left), etc. On the other hand, when things shifted to midwestern style (I heard after the con) a number of people who wanted to sing rather than listen got very unhappy. As one person put it, if they wanted to hear folk performances, they could go to any appropriate club or bar and hear good ones....

Off-Centaur shared a table with Margaret M. (M<sup>3</sup> products) and with Elise Levenson and Jeff Del Papas of NESFA, selling everything filkish, and doing quite well, though not as well as we'd hoped — we had a hefty load of books to haul back home. We did well enough, however, to come home and shell out for an offset press. We (myself and Teri Lee of Off-Centaur, plus several friends including Bill Safford, an ex-professional printer) are now officially Moondial Press (run by Luna-ticks) (Your work will never see the light of day) doing fan-related printing for the Bay area. Plus, of course, future songbook printing for Off-Centaur -- we should have 2 or 3 new books out by next summer.

Our other major project (mostly Teri's -- I'm trying not to have much to do with it) is BayFilk I, alias Filkcon West II, to be held in Oakland the first weekend in March. Margaret Middleton will be GOH. Current plans are to have the first night be quasi-formal performances (i.e. you have to tell the concom what you'll do in advance, & stick to time limits) interspersed with group singing. Saturday will be Midwest style, and Sunday afternoon will be a bardic circle. A secondary Bardic will probably run all the time. A catered midnight feast on Sat. night is included in the admission price, currently \$15. Supporting membership \$5, which will get you discounts on the tapes we plan to produce after the con. Join now! if we can't raise a good deal of advance cash, we may have to call it off, which would be a shame. Write to me for more info, or to join.

I don't have last issue with me here at the word processor, and I don't have time to go hunt it up after cleaning my room (idiot!), so I'll have to defer comments 'til next time. Meanwhile, just remember (to the appropriate line from Camelot)

Lycanthropy, Lycanthropy

It gives a person paws. . . .







SOMETHING OF NOTE #12

... is produced by Robert Bryan Lipton of 556 Green Place, Woodmere, NY  
11598 telephone [516] 374-5737,  
who used to be in charge around  
here but has managed to recover  
his sanity and so is no longer.  
The idea is to get this into APA-  
Filk #12, due to be collated on or about the first of November 1981.

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE  
QUANTITY PUBLICATION  
# 429

In case you didn't know, the response to my requests for volunteers to take this over was, to use an old neologism that has still not made the dictionary, underwhelming. John Boardman said he would take it if no one else wanted it. Since the response was so distreksing I told John that since no one really wanted to do the work, I was closing it down. He responded with: "Oh, no, don't do that," and evinced some enthusiasm for the job. So I wrote out a check to cover the open sub balances and told him about the troubles with the copyright office after he accepted it.

The sequence goes like this: I write out a check to cover the copyright fees (I didn't mention those, did I, John? That's how I justify the subscriptions; if some members did not insist that I copyright APA-Filk so their pieces would not be in the public domain I wouldn't have to charge money. If I didn't charge money then APA-Filk would be 'private circulation' and so any piece is protected as unpublished).

Where was I? Oh, yes. I write a check for the copyright fee and send it and the papers off. After about two months I get a nice letter back from the copyright office that I should not copyright the material in mine own name, but in the names of the authors. So I write out new instructions and send them off, noting the authors as holders of the copyrights. A couple of months pass and I get a nice letter from the copyright people which informs me that I should not copyright the APA in the author's names, but in the name of the collector (myself). So I fill out the forms again and mail them off. A couple of months go by....

In the meantime, every few months I get a polite request from the library of Congress. They want copies for their folksong library (what on Earth do they make of my Slobbovian songs). I mail the copies off and they send me a polite letter thanking me. Not only that, they pay the postage for mailing the issues.

So, John, good luck to you. Ghu knows you'll need it.

ONE MORE TIME  
APA-Filk#11

SINGSPIEL #11 (Mark Blackman) You treat the verse scheme of "On Top of Old Smokey" (the only tune which I can still tap out on the pianoforte) a little haphazardly. "To the dragon's swift tail" barely made it. In the second verse instead of "A careless treasure-hunter's" I would make it "a careless cave-robber's". In the fourth verse I would change it to "With wizards and swordsmen"; in the fifth's last line cut the word "good".

HAROLD: Not familiar with the tune for "Monday Morning." *(continued p.3)*



## PRINZLY LOVER

BY: Robert Lipton  
TUNE: Logger Lover

As I sat down to drink in  
An Isengard saloon,  
A handsome-looking woman  
Came whooping like a loon.

"You are a Vurklemeyer,  
Not of the common crew,  
For at seven in the morning,  
You have nothing else to do.

"I loved a Vurklemeyer,  
I loved the very best.  
We lay upon his bed and  
He started in to rest.

"I tried my best to rouse him:  
I shouted in his ear.  
He said: 'I love you truly.'  
His eyes began to blear.

"Sanjakis tried to kill us,  
To start a civil war.  
The town was set a-blazing.  
My love began to snore.

"A gunshell barely missed us.  
My love woke. 'Stop this war.'  
The whole town fell to silence.  
He fell asleep once more.

"They came to give him office,  
To make him god or prince.  
They carried him off while sleeping.  
I have not seen him since.

"I gave birth to dectuplets.  
They are now sixty-eight,  
Collecting old age pensions,  
Though I am twenty-eight.

I just can not forget him,  
And so, from six till two,  
I wait here for a redhead who has nothing else to  
Who has nothing else to do."

As you might guess, Vurklemeyers in Slobbovia are not noting for actually doing anything. They are, however, highly prized. They tend to age very rapidly so that a younger generation can be brought up quickly to start doing nothing. Well, anyway, Don Wileman liked it.



(Harold continued). At first I tried it to the Beatles' song "She's Leaving Home," but that didn't work.

JORDIN: Thanks for the comments on copyrighting. Would it be possible to get that Star Wars song that can't be published? A copy for private circulation

LEE: I've seen some examples of modified group sing, more of an informal combo. For example, once Greg Baker Freff and I began singing Greg's "Rebel Pilot's Lament." Greg sang most of the verse; I chimed in on the chorus in bass counterpoint (fortunately his key is somewhere not too far from my G#) and Freff took the interverse recitative.

Loved "Marshall's Men," although I don't have the tune. Sing it to me next time we meet, all right?

MARGERET: Godzilla carols are a bit done by Freff when feeling particularly silly, just just before he puts on dead glasses and sings: "Dead People Got No Reason to Live."

MARK, ABBY & DAVID: This is the second disco filk song I've ever seen. I wrote the first. I think we have exhausted the genre between us.

JOHN: Liked 'Old Gland Liver' enjoyed "The Vacuumed Jedi." The 'Song of the Liberated Blind' are passable. My complaint that they are to the tunes that everything else is to stands modified: these need recognizable tunes.

Abyssinia,



Robert Bryan Lipton



